

OZ



May

OZ TALKS TO GOD

1/3

Best of Donald Duck. Baume as a playwright, Censorship. Bob Hughes on 'Ban the Bombers'

I SPY

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OZ MAY — with love and squalor

By

There might be 16 oz. to the pound but perhaps in future editions the title could be 1/12 oz. so as to overcome any detraction of pounds on your part (Of course the price would be adjusted accordingly.)

My 1/12 bought me (147) pages of undergraduate studies at all kinds of odd discounts. Instead of an intellectual approach to important areas of the times, I received a lot of screaming nonsense on all the "old favourites", Bayardo, apocalyptic pornography. In fact I'm going to wonder whether the student editor's mind can yet pass these three mental blocks.

Doesn't anyone there know anything about Malaysia, Australian politics, the Bishop of Wollah, the Public Service, Big Business, the Common Market, Television, Theatre, or are these the sort of topics which require those horrible things known as "facts" combined with skillful reporting.

People suffering from cynicismism and cynicism form a small part of the reading public. It would be good to have a relative year market.

Alan G. Hagan,
Sydney

By

Re your article on *Christy Bell* on pages 8 and 9 of April OZ. It begins "Modesty was introduced with Christy."

I suppose the writer meant *Christy* life would be wrong in both cases say why *Modesty* is an attitude of mind. *Christy* is a condition of the body AND mind.

Why do you think it *modesty* and/or *Christy* "was introduced with Christianity?"

What about the Turks and their "modest" women?

What about the Hindus and their "hairs"?

What about the Japanese and the emphasis placed on *Christy* there so that a "disobedient" girl was obliged to conceal herself as "modesty"?

What about the Chinese (pre-Communist anyway) and their insistence on *Christy* and the cruel punishments for unfortunate girls (not men) who fell from grace?

What about the New Guinea pre-Christianised tribes where girls were so modest that a drunken tribesman who whipped off a woman's grass skirt passed for so tall himself from "shame"?

What about the pre-Christian Jews who, as bookish, displayed publicly their bodies wearing their tails stained as evidence of her great *Christy*?

If you MUST write offbeat articles on such things as *Christy* belts, please be sure you are ON the beat regarding the facts FIRST, and avoid making such staged statements as "Modesty was introduced with Christianity."

Anyway, Nature gave females a built-in *Christy* belt in the form of the mouth, instead of having some of you ever heard of it? Ask your biology dept.

"Grimace",
Mt. Victoria, N.S.W.

OZ's special *Christy Belt* Correspondent replies:

I did mean *Modesty* — that attitude of mind which results in the bodily condition of *Christy*. It was introduced into our society with Christianity because almost only in the Christian world is modesty viewed as praiseworthy, whereas it is mostly associated with social customs such as eating and drinking.

Unfortunately in relating my claim about the mistake has been made of regarding the phenomenon from our own national position and of measuring it by a standard to which we have become accustomed by customs of Christian civilisation.

What about the New Guinea natives? Modesty is not to be equated with a lack of modesty, but with superstition or fear.

What about sex? Among Islam women their modesty was attached to the face and they were not so worried about the exposure of the genitalia. The passage in the Koran (Surah 33) which refers to the veiling of women has been overplayed probably to suit male solitarity.

And what about the Tahitians? Modesty was unknown to them till they came in contact with degenerate Europeans who destroyed their natural purity.

Concepts of modesty and respect for virginity are not innate in the psyche of mankind. They are generally the consequences of repression and inhibition which accompany sexual development.

Though *Christy* (i.e. the bodily condition only) may have been valued among non- and pre-Christian peoples, the reasons for this were more often physical than spiritual.

By

Congratulations to all the staff on the first issue of OZ. I thought you might be interested to know that OZ's circulation already exceeds the following Australian free-lance journals: *Australian Sportsman* and *Top Gun*.

Outlook
Australian Fashion News
Australian Hardware Journal
Deputy of Australia
Ministry's Electrical Weekly
Newspaper News
Tinker and Men's Wear
Goodman Evening Post
Goodman Daily Examiner
Latrobe Mercury
Murrumbidgee Daily News
Orange Central Western Daily
Queensland Free-lance Journal
Colin, Herald
Gippsland Times (Sale)
Wagga Wagga Chronicle Dispatch
Warwick Daily News
Port Lincoln Times
Port Pirie Recorder
Renmark Mercury Pioneer
Whyalla News
Albany Advertiser
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Assistant Secretary: Helen Saunders.



Mummy and Daddy were so thrilled when I passed my Intermediate Certificate they said I should stay at school and learn

some more.
But I knew better. I hated the CUSTOMER INDUSTRY. It was fun. When they found out I could read they put me in charge of han-

dling filthy publications.
I pointed out bookshops and out-fitted everything, stations, or things I couldn't understand. I can't find a list

TWILIGHT OF SANITY

APRIL is a strange month for people to get elections in.

Because, of course, on April 23 we have a great festival to remind us of the lives lost in achieving the first freedom to have.

But people are very nervous in April. In fact, if April 1963 is any indication, they tend to be more nervous in this month than any other.

To be more explicit—

- In April the A.B.C. publicly apologized for its "Any Questions" programme in which the Queen was satirised in such heavy cuts in the interstate videotape of a Brian Davies sketch on the Bryan Davies Show, and completely on the interstate videotape of a Maynard sketch on the same show.

- In Newcastle the Customs Department showed that it was keeping up its sterling work, maintaining Australia's sovereignty as one of the most expensive in the world by trying to confiscate a book from the local Municipal Library as the strongest of one complaint.

- In Sydney the same department maintained the same efficiency by informing the Crown Solicitor that they would not have permitted OZ APRIL to enter this country if it had been a foreign publication.

Strange events indeed for April but the events surrounding the latter, being closest to home, interest us most.

The proclamation that OZ APRIL might offend some people had not escaped us. There are always some people sufficiently insecure as to think any handbook will bring their little world crashing down about their heads.

What was not expected was the length to which people are prepared to go to show their dissatisfaction, people epping up OZs in the streets, talking loudly about "pornographic trash", complaining to authorities etc. It's apparently no good just being offended, you have to show you are as loudly and as often as you can.

The attitude of officials is even more perplexing.

The Maritime Services Board, which has absolutely no authority in the field of public morality, publicly expressed its disapproval at the fact that the editors of such a magazine should conduct editorial meetings in a workshop sublet from them.

The Customs Department, which has

absolutely no authority over internal publications, not only offered advice to the Crown Solicitor, inside and without request, but also asked one of Sydney's own distributors why they had not been informed about OZ. The distributor in question told them very rightly to go to hell.

All very strange happenings, indeed, for a month in which we are supposed to commemorate the price paid for democracy.

For any kind of democracy the price paid—15 million Allies lost three lives in World War II—the Irish philosophical for Australian-type democracy it is fearfully so.

The conclusion to be drawn from these and similar events is that Australians are not committed to freedom as a way of thinking but merely to a principle half-controlled by legislation.

Democracy, in Australia, is the right of the individual to murmur as much as he can to the tops of his fellow-men and the producers of institutions to cater for the lowest common denominator of public taste.

When anyone of a controversial nature is said, how the conservative values rarely wake up for action. And the government departments, the police, the newspapers offering minimal resistance yield to their clamouring.

The attitude of an organisation like the A.B.C. is seen all too clearly in the Queen episode on the Bryan Davies Show. Sir Charles blazed explained to the "Mirror" that 61 people complained: "None of my friends found it amusing"—and so off it goes. No mention of the other thousands who saw the sketch and did not complain.

If 91 per cent. of viewers were offended, so what?

Surely the moment the 61 were offended by the Bryan Davies sketch they should have watched channels or turned off and played Scrabble. That would have been the democratic to any unprejudiced thing to do.

If you are offended by a television show don't watch it. If you are offended by OZ, don't buy it.

There is no publication in the world for opposing "offence", minimal unless the offended are forced to read or view it.

Democracy demands that you should allow people the right to see or read things, even though you yourself find them offensive, unless, as in doing they are in some way interfering in your life. And however much it kills you, that is the kind of freedom which we commemorate on April 23.

It is interesting to note that "This Was the World That Was", a controversial A.B.C. weekly production, receives 100 complaints every week and yet there is no talk of the A.B.C. withdrawing it.

Why are Australians so incredibly soft that material which is freely available in other countries is presumed to corrupt our culture?

The freedom from censorship on the continent of Europe is legendary and yet they seem no wiser for their experience.

It is a pleasure, of course, to hear some of our citizens-innocents talk freely about "Moggeraun rates" and especially on the Continent. How pity for such people that Australia's mandatory taxation would mean increasing. With over 30 per cent. of Australian women (each of marriage) it would seem that our strongest citizenship hasn't done as much good.

But even if we concede that continental Europeans are in some way good, people leading lives made even more ridiculous by their lack of citizenship and that only Anglo-Saxons know how to behave, it would seem that most Britishers manage a sort of self-censorship process on arrival to Australia.

In Britain they can laugh at the Queen and read Lawrence's "Lady Chatterley's Lover" or Melina "Throgs at Cancer". Here they cannot.

Apparently during their long passage to Australia the whole Anglo-Saxon stock, which comprises the majority of Australians, have suddenly become irrevocably susceptible to the ill-effects of Salinas radiation.

Physically we claim to be human, in factually we are not.

Of course, none will deny that the public taste prevails from habit. Not from obviously, but obviously as the true limit must of the mind, as, "tastes to degenerate or corrupt" and just "refinement".

If we are going to call something "offensive" we must be very strict on two things: (1) we must have a definite idea



No man ever entered the country. Once I had 500 issues of Playboy magazine.

When GZ was released I contacted Germain & Loach and complained

that I hadn't been given a copy to read. They told me it was an internal publication... so I rang up the Chief Secretary and told him that I would never have let GZ into

the country.

My job is difficult, but it has its rewards.

I've got the biggest collection of filthy books in Australia.

of what 'corruption' would mean, (I must be quite sure that the material really does corrupt).

People here at times made all sorts of wild statements about corrupt things corrupting. We have been told, for example that certain kinds of comics and TV programmes 'corrupt' and so when people of a sensitive bent try to prove that this has happened—articles of material—there never seems to be a scrap of evidence.

It would be very disconcerting for some research worker to turn up something which he can conclusively show has actually corrupted them, we would know what to avoid in our newspapers, and magazines. In the meantime, the censor should know what they are talking about—and what is more, be able to prove it—when they can stand shouting 'obscene'.

One thing that certainly does not corrupt is truth.

The lawless say: The greater the truth the greater the hell! However, The greater the truth the greater the eternity" is a hard proposition to maintain.

Ignorance is notoriously the great ally of vice. The high correlation between sexual ignorance and sexual promiscuity

has never failed to amaze the wisest of the Medical men, who presumably 'know all', surely show the effects of their sexual sophistication.

In GZ APRIL, there were two articles which caused the greatest offence and concerned with masturbation and the other with abortion.

In America the Keweenaw report showed that no less than 90 per cent of the population periodically masturbated. Presumably the figures would be similar here so why should the insertion of an article—the facts of which are almost universally known—cause so much complaint?

The complaint about the abortion article concluded, ironically enough, with a case in the Quarter Sessions in which a 24-year-old doctor was sentenced to three years' penal for carrying out an abortion that killed a girl.

The girl in the case was 17.

Her boyfriend was with her, paid the doctor 100 (later refunded) and helped drag the body to an adjoining room. He has been sentenced to six months.

The doctor had no training in medicine and conducted his operations in chambers which police described as 'disgustingly filthy'.

The case was turned in the news-

papers, described as a 'manlaughter' case. One wonders which is worse, that this sort of thing should go on day in and day out without anyone bringing it into the open or that someone should raise the question of what is to be done?

The conclusion to be drawn from all this is inescapable.

Democracy in this country is not a code to be lived by. It is merely a utility.

People have never really been converted to the basic tenet of democracy that people should be allowed to lead their own lives so long as they do not interfere with others. Despite the great democratic victory previous and simple ones are still the great basic tenets of our civilization.

Democracy is a principle for which millions died. Yet it has barely survived their sacrifice.

In a world of diminishing freedom of continued existence, of persistent uncertainty, of men still staring against men, how contemporary are those lines of Shelley:

"But what good came of it all of death?"

Quoth little Peterkin,

"Wag that I cannot tell," said he,

"But 'twas a pleasant victory."

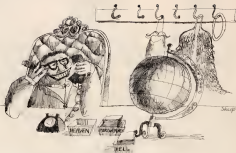
—L.W.

LAST DAYS!

PLAYER'S ROMEO AND JULIET

produced by Ed Allison, designed by Cedric Flower

**Thursday May 2 . Friday May 3 .
Saturday May 4**



God is in His Heaven

Is all well down there?

By P'tric'a R'llie

THE light of orthodox shines in God's eyes when he recalls the early days of Christianity. As the cigar smoke drifts past the plush padded cushions, the padded walls the well lit Mayoral's with him to indicate key sales positions, he discusses the first thousand years.

"They thought we were a lot of cracks then. Fellows with an idea that would never catch on. We had plenty of prophets, but not many sales."

He leaned back and smiled quietly at his own joke.

"Not that they weren't first class men, some of them. Moses invented the protest march, a gimmick that's only coming into its own today."

"You have to remember that they didn't have the advertising media that we have now. They had to go out and make themselves known without so much as a sharing coin medal."

"They rolled on stumps like smashing open rocks and bleeding war grined when I let loose a little water from Urdu. We got to know the value of teamwork in those days."

"But we couldn't be satisfied with things the way they were. I decided then the whole operation needed a shot in the arm."

"So we ran a saturation pro-

paganda campaign, with free bag (bags and people going round) saying 'He's coming' *He's coming*."

"Then I put in a new management consultant with instructions to find a brand new board of directors. To make sure things went smoothly I gave my own boy the job."

"From that time on we never looked back. I relied my lad up shortly afterwards to communicate him. The people he left in charge have kept things running ever since."

God frankly admits he could never have survived without publicity. Early gimmicks like waterfalls, wine and leaves and fishes aroused crowd interest. The Roman stunt of feeding Christians to the lions had set people talking, even if it had temporarily created a bad image.

A promotion book on Christianity the Bible is still one of the world's best sellers. It was topped from the No. 1 position by Dr. Spock's book on baby care, but God hopes a film based on the Bible will set the sales graph on the way up again. His agents were expecting an early announcement of a disaster over whether the slogan should be "You're paid the book, now see the picture" or "You've seen the picture, now read the book."

God adds that the publicity has some unfortunate aspects. "I find

a lot of it is directed at me personally," he says sadly.

"If I look seriously every Tom, Dick and Harry who used to walk with God, I'd spend my whole day parading up and down arm in arm with the world's leaders."

"Then every time a ship sinks they all grind out 'Never My God in This'. I've told my bookkeepers to use it as a signal to make up more books."

"We have to employ a chap up here full-time collecting the news items we get in the Press, in films, and in pop songs."

God says a lot of the unknown have managed to build up an individual following, complete with personal mentions in the Press.

"Hugh down here," he said, jabbing at the Sydney flag on the wall map, "pots himself into more strife than Speed Gordon. I open up the papers and there he is saying there's five love at university, or else that the Queen ought to live in Australia. Sometimes I think I ought to cut the audience in to see if he's doing any work."

"We seem to get more than our share of some speakers in Sydney. Allen and Coffey are much the same, although I think Coffey's probably shaming himself when that Dalgrove woman lectures about him every week."

that was . . . APRIL

"This publicity is something we have to live with. A solid chap like Billy who's probably got the best sales record in the whole organisation, can't seem to shake it off."

In God worried about the competition from other religions of the sabotage from the Devil?

He begins by saying that competition is basic in any free enterprise system. But he believes he offers a superior product, one that can lead to greater personal happiness with out the rigours of other religions.

Sabotage is another matter

"He tried to get at my boy," he says, his eyes flaming with anger. "Twenty days and forty nights he hammered away at him, but I'm proud to say my lad took it like a gem. We both laugh about it now. Still it's the sort of dirty trick you'd expect."

"What about the new ideas in religion, especially the Bishop of Woolwich's 'Greatest to God'?"

"It's not much different from the way petrol companies advertise. One of them claims he has a new additive that will revolutionise motoring. In fact it's the same old petrol. But people think they're seeing progress because they've been told they're buying something new."

"You find that nearly everybody with something to sell tries the same stunt. Some cigarette companies market as many as five different brands each with their own brand image."

"The buyers select the brand image that's most in keeping with their own image, and that's the cigarette they buy. We're offering a hundred images—ideal for Catholics, mass-appeal for Methodists, discrimination for Baptists, and so on."

"It's all the same religion, and I've heard men for all the brands, but people are happier because they think they are being discriminated."

"And you probably know that when two rival brands are competing there are more sales than if they combine to form a single brand."

"The position is exactly the same with us."

"What new developments could we expect in the near future?"

"We're always thinking about things in a second coming. That would involve another big promotion, although we could probably cash in on the space of religious firms at the moment."

"It's something we haven't given much thought to."

"But you can quote me as saying we're always on the lookout for new ideas."

KINGS have been having pains by Caucasian ever since Caesar himself.

When on the throne do as the kings do. And so it's a third for Jackie.

In 56 Jackie was proclaimed when Jack was running for vice-president. The last both elections and today Jack has previously right along with the presidential campaign. One snap election coming up!

Jackie's eyes are so much the wry of the world these days that that one stroke should really catch on. Election could take on the game of football rules.

DUNTER of the Month was Les Rogers, Labour member for Dartford.

In January Les made the following predictions for the commercial television business:

"In January the B.I.A.-Rusell Bank of N.S.W. group are outright favourites."

"In Melbourne the Richardson-Sellack group is the shade of odds on. This group is beautifully bred by money and circumstances out of top the lot."

"In Adelaide the Sir Philip McBride group is long odds on. From the powerful Monahan stable, it knows every turn in the course."

"Perth is a rather confused post town. The current favourite is the local newspaper group."

"In Brisbane Sir Arthur Paddeley's company is such a well-planned candidate that no one will lose of his defeat."

At month's end Les had one item—Australia in Melbourne—and one win (in Sydney) with his Adelaide and Brisbane tips still performing beautifully in trackwork.

Not to be outstepped by a Scot, Rev. A. (Winifred) Aldie Walker kept into new spirit this month with a novel explanation for the current poor weather: "Three wars over Sydney".

Hot Tip from London: The French Revolution is at last on its way.

With two preliminary skirmishes behind them—the Battle of Westminster and the Siege for Peace Demonstration—the people are poised for their great act of political coming-of-age. And only 180 years before the French too.

What a fine Hollywood will make out of it: the siege of the Tower of London. Herbert Russell (Bryton) swears to Voltaire's martyrdom: the apostles and finally a spectacular gun in on Harold and Dorothy MacMillan in the centre.

THE making of a new coin really brings out the wheezy.

Harold Holt confided that he would like to see the new money and called it a waver.

Mr. Calvert was political, if not capital gain in such a move. Mr. Holt is going to call it an action—a reward from

of the posterity he has done to the country.

Mr. Billy (Jack, N.S.W.) suggested 'waver' as a permanent reminder of the decline in the value of money since the present Government took office.

Senator Brennan (Lib., N.S.W.) suggested calling the money unit a 'Merric' and the runner and a 'Ladwell'.

Why not just call it an 'australe' and put a hole in its head?

Relayco Heights lost a strange how some newspapers have a real fear for leaving out the news and others never seem to get off the beat.

Take the Relayco Heights Parade of Homes, probably the most exciting event in the whole of April (in fact May 2).

Every day the Herald and Sun have offered a feast of money items about how to get there, the opening by the Premier, what buses to catch, the visit by Tania Marshall, how to go by air, the Easter Monday Parade, the quoted as notes, etc.

Ready checks staff and yet the Telegraph and Mirror seem to act as though it didn't exist.

Don't they like 'Women's Day' or something?

And when is 'The Moon is in the Mirror' going to be squarred by 'Stay with The Sun'?

INCIDENTALLY the title of Aquarius of the Month has gone to that great all-rounder, Sir Robert Menzies, for his "In the future among the mountains is not left as bad as being a nuisance among 50 million" (the No Confidence Debate of April 4).

Moses Among the Bull, speaking about the episode of the Queen's death on the Bryan Doreen Show. Sir Charles Moses told the Sunday Mirror: "We didn't have a single call or letter of sympathy now."

Yet we read in the Sunday Telegraph of the same day (April 14) that "Some viewers wrote saying that they had enjoyed the matter."

The Telegraph in the paper you can read "What about Sir Charles?"

GRAPPLER of the Month is Ald. H. S. Turner, representative of the ultra-indomitable Kooragang Wind of Warrung.

Ald Turner on April 9 grappled on the floor of the Kooragang Council Chambers with Ald. Jago, State M.L.A. for Gordon.

As the pair rose from the floor, having been separated by an other intervenor, Ald Turner said "I would like to thank the audience who sat in the face while I was on the ground."

Next weekend Warrung is going to put up a big team.

—NIELSON

"Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag . . ."

ERIC BAUME AS A PLAYWRITE

MOST of us have at least heard of Mr. Eric Baume, an at least once capable War Correspondent, News Commentator of *This Is Believe*, Executive Producer of M.B. Popular Supplies of music and directed symphonies. Compare or Judge at better British parades stations.

Free of us know of him as a dramatist. His play *And Their Blooded Blood* (A Comedy of Faith) will receive its first industry reading by the University of New South Wales Dramatic Society with in the next few weeks.

Though sub-titled, *A Comedy of Faith*, it is purely comedy of the classical genre in that everything works out lovely in the end.

The theme is an investigation of the question: who remembers and loves the dead of the two world wars? But the play's approach is its treatment of this theme, adequately summed up by one of its main characters.

TREVOR (JUNIOR) "Rightly Said" and all that kind of thing. **TREVOR (SENIOR)** Never heard of it.

The first act takes place in a land of ordinary purgatory, a merry battlefield in France, a busy wharf and a destroyer's Main Deck. The remaining two acts are set in the Trevor home in Surrey, England.

ACT ONE

Scene 1

A foggy road somewhere in France. Sounds of explosions, flashes that could be about lightning or the columns of shells.

An officer is discovered smoking a pipe, humming, dressed in the buffedness of World War One. Another officer in World War Two buffedness enters, smoking a cigarette, shouting "Red Out the Barrel!"

CAPT JOHN TREVOR (SENIOR) Oh, good morning.
CAPT JOHN TREVOR (JUNIOR) Oh, is it morning?
TREVOR (SENIOR) One wouldn't really know, would one?

They talk at cross-purposes for some time until they realize that they are both dead.

TREVOR (JUNIOR) . . . but I've never seen you before in my life.
TREVOR (SENIOR) (Mildly to himself) You never will see me again in your life.

Each has been killed in their respec-

tive wars. Both are aged twenty-four, both have the same name. And the claim of the discovery: one is the son of the other!

TREVOR (SENIOR) Know you—why, you resemble of George Roddy, I'm your father, and I'm the same age as you are, and think however nobody's going to hear about it till I begin in your work laughter!

But at this he is wrong — people certainly are going to hear about it, and this information is uttered in by a strange figure.

(Enter in the second of someone walking, and in a serious or two they hear "Pack up your Troubles in your old Kit-bag", a TYPICAL INFANTRY SOLDIER, soaked with mud and water. He stops singing. There comes forward the man in Corporal Willie be a land of mud exchanged, now by Supreme H.Q. to be their liaison. For they are to be granted leave, to go home for one day to see their families.

WILLIE We won't get on Green dier Guards Band to march up off, sir, but wherever we go, we'd better get there.

Scenes 2 and 3 serve to introduce their companions on the voyage home: an Irishman Officer, a Curious High-lander named Miller, and Women (who is) a Church of England Padre, a French Officer of the Dragoons and a German Officer of the Guards Infantry (who, it happens, killed Trevor Senior). During the unreasonable voyage the Padre begins to have severe doubts about his faith and his army murders itself as an almost suicidal irony. He has lost all purpose in life. But the E.D. claims them all by leaving the company in the Lord's Prayer. So they disembark, light of heart to see their loved ones: all but the Padre who has been made the new Embarkation Officer.

PADRE Embarkation Officer? (He is alone, he talks on his knees on the curtain falls slowly. Gunfire is heard before it drops.) So I was given a job after all.

SLOW CURTAIN

ACT TWO

The story really starts. The scene is the living room of the Trevor home in Farnham, Surrey. It is 7 a.m. **JANE**, 18 years old, is in a riding kit and she looks at the dark photos of her grandfather and father on the mantelpiece. A Corporal **DEENA** has just

Now and then
at 20 with
Time



She obviously has a pair of expression telling us about the state of the family — She is the daughter of Trevor Junior, the year is 1919, her mother is going to re-marry in several days, her grandmother (now aged 84) has never remarried.

And then enter **CORPORAL WILLIE** to share the peace of the household. Any sort of narrative peace in the stage breaks down. That is the episode. **JANE** is happy to see her ancestor, she is why they are here. **WILLIE** There's no peace about Supreme Command. So they just want you to meet them because you've never stopped loving them and you never saw them. Some people forget the soldiers. And you Miss Jane are the England that counts. During their picture. Praying on Armistice Day. We know, you see.

MADGE **GEORGE** **LOWE** (secretly like Guards) is not pleased to see them. He is about to marry **TREVOR JUNIOR'S** wife.

(George looks at Trevor Junior, looks angry, goes white, trips out of the doorway and falls flat on his face in a dead faint.)

GEORGE (A few moments) Well, good heavens, I don't know what to say.

MRS TREVOR **SNR** does know what to say and says it, but she has grandfather who is somewhere played at on my her husband and son again.

MRS TREVOR **SNR** The dead ought not to return, except in better looks like the story of the "Mystery's Paw." I am a great, old happy woman, wiser if you like. Sex or too much drink never interested me. John used to call me a cold frog, said I read a newspaper making love.

MRS TREVOR **SNR** is understood why she has been about all the

MRS TREVOR **JUNIOR** For God's sake, stop all this nonsense. I can't stand it—I hate it all. It's a horrible business. Anyhow, ours was a quick wartime marriage. I don't think I ever loved the man.

(THE BUBBLING SOUNDS.)

(The harrier works on a different principle to Samuel Beckett's bell — it sounds when a character tells a lie — however the influence of this dramatic device was short lived.)

They settle down to play bridge and wait for midnight when all ghosts unless asked to come out on to the limbo.

ACT THREE

The setting is the same as the previous act.

MRS TREVOR JUMBO reports and apologises for the noise she had. The family is reconciled again. The telephone rings, it is for WILLIE, he answers it.

(My pain down the telephone. He looks shattered. He walks to the window, a young little man, but a great little man.)

It would appear that this little leaver up the sky, to the tracks of light was

not planned by Supreme Command at all but by the "Knee". He just wanted to cause business and antipathy.

JANE: (Laughing with laughter) Well, that's about the biggest still Britain's ever had I thought. There was something terribly about the whole business. But if ever there was a victory, this is it. And my father's hands it wasn't gained by the people Willie is frightened about.

All that is needed now is the recovery of the mysterious body of the first act who had been right all the time. They do not say the Lord's Prayer this time to herald the departure.

JANE: (Singing) Jane strikes! JANE: (singing) central To God! With gratitude.

ALL: To God! And the spirits descend, leaving a

multitude of thoughts, impressions, emotions, doubts and resolves. The play is then summed up by the author's final direction.

(The scene groups at right appear entrance, in a bright white light, waving and waving forward to JANE, left, who stands hands to head back, legs akimbo. All stage lights flicker and die. There is an acute sound. The lights come on after a few seconds to reveal JANE, centre, head raised, arms extended on the empty room.)

JANE: (Very softly. The clock starts to chime midnight.) And there comes home.

(The last phrases of a hymn are heard with choir and organ at.)

THE CURTAIN SLOWLY FALLS

—FINIS—

the best of donald duck

Bob Ellis
ventures
into Disneyland

 **SOMEDAY** when you're old and creaky and wrinkled as autumn and shrouded as prizes and your head burns with old myths and ticks with the tick of a grand daily clock, and your eyes are blooded with time, when you wind your hair and fasten your rot of and you can smell yourself in a robe away, when your dandruff curls brown and your thumbnails yellow, when at last you care enough to remember, in pain, the days you cared not a jot, you may then, in the afterworld, as I do now, in the present world, go out with a pain in your head and hear a voice on toast of "The Best of Donald Duck".

 **YOU** may read while and smoke, as of other times at Donald's cornucopiaing destiny, take it but I'm still—George Washington to the true blue—can as he belatedly and career rode the landscape like a contemporary mirror, mirroring either layers of somewhere, but when a time you will get to be filled with a merciless dread. You ripening Aggravation blossoms into full bloomed horror and disgust, by God disgust.

 **CONSIDER** a few things Donald is a duck who calls himself a duck. His neighbours can do. He associates with mice who wear eyeglasses and orange and blue trousers with tailcoats and white gloves and puffy little yellow bowties and are ten times bigger than the biggest rat. The ducks are the same size as the dogs, who with the exception of Pluto, who is not just a dog, he's a dog-dog in their mind much bigger than the mice and much smaller than the cats (Black Pete, the Beagle Boy) and they all speak the same language and drive cars.

 **EVERYBODY** wears a trousers except the ducks, who go naked in the world, and are not ashamed. They wear the top half of sailor suits only. But hand mark that if they ever take a bath, they inevitably emerge with a towel around their bottom half, betraying a moment's modesty in spite of the prevailing drama that they have nothing to hide.

DONALD is courting Daisy, who is his cousin, Gladstone is Donald's cousin and he is a goose. Huey, Dewey, and Louie are Donald's nephews but their parents are never seen or even discussed. One pre-summer Donald found them as pups on the doorstep and hatched them himself. Yet in one episode Gladstone and Donald sell each other with eggs (think about that for a while if you are over 21 and in respect they all eat hatched chickens).

They keep forgetting they are merely poultry themselves, often crisscrossed on one occasion the anti-planned world birds peer up at Duck and say—

"Yes and if—
"We had wings—
"We could fly—"

 **ACTUALLY** their plumes have melted into B.O. cream, but they have only three fingers on each hand. Some are even transmuting gills than others. Gladstone has wavy hair. Scrooge has sideburns and sometimes teeth. Scrooge (who claims to be Donald's uncle though his sister

is in fact Mother, and is neither Grandma's brother nor her aunt is highly civilized. He wears a top hat upon and shoes on the top of his feet. But no ears, sideburns but no ears. His apron sits on his broad chest and do not slide. Donald wears a sailor suit and never says why, or where the hell buttoned trousers got to. The boys never go to school whose interest in girls at even grows up. The age of everyone concerned is highly contentious. Scrooge is an old Klondike man and a gamblin' (son) is over money but says "Grandpa" who belongs to the generation before Scrooge (making him at least 119) still chatters corn. Donald is over thirty but still single. Daisy is like Della Street, she'll wait till the sea runs dry but she's getting a nice domestic now. She's promiscuous and looks with a gaze. All right, I suppose, but not the most constructive thing to compulsively and time.

It's plainly symbolic. It's got to be. It's a poem about man striving out of basically male divinity. He denies his brutality and betrays his fellow beasts. Donald is Kierseyman just a guy. Scrooge is Ambitious Man the Ant. The boys are the Greek chorus—corn-guardian angels with their junior woodcock brains of mortified might. Gladstone is the Antichrist and Daisy the Virgin Mary.

Otherwise they got to escape



ONE day later, when we bomb ourselves silly and get dug up by spiders with spades. The best of Donald Duck will be the "Ham" lot of us day. Nothing that complicated can be that simple. It's got to have a Message, at we're less than worth buying anyway. Much better value than two jelongs of Pullen Street on the pay TV, or even five padstings which may come in later—worth, so that is prize indeed!



OF COURSE

it wasn't as much a ball as everyone was hoping. But the goddam enthusiasm was there.

Even Frank Hardy turned up. You know, Frank and the bloke who wrote that novel about Packard or whatever his name was "Power Without Lottery", I think.

No. He didn't actually *march*, but he's a bloke with spirit, the Comm—. I mean the other demonstrators for peace must have been proud of him. Do you know he told us that his seven-year-old daughter turned up to march? Couldn't keep her away, he said.

Now if I had a kid—not that I have, gosh and all that y'know, I wouldn't want Cuffin to lose her figure before she's thirty—I'd like that kind of loyalty.

Just shows how big the issues are at a seven-year-old can understand them.

Being Frank, you know Bernie from the Psych. Department, he sent his kid too. No, the one he had by that art student from Albany and after we all moved to the George. Five years old, marching along with a sign round her neck reading "Don't Kill My Unborn Children".

Bernie didn't like that at first, he doesn't object to abortion, but his wife thought it was so moving they let the kid wear it.

Didn't you like the slogans? I wrote most of them. Well, not all of them perhaps, we got some in the mail from Bertrand Russell.

We got telegrams from him, you know. I've got three Originals

BOB HUGHES COVERS

THE BIG CAMPAIGN

Switched them from Lance Sharkey when his back was turned, on the platform last year.

I sent one back to Russell to autograph it. But I never got it back. I suppose it went astray in the post.

Oh, I'm good at slogans. Used to write them for the Libertarian Society.

I've been politically active ever since I got to Uni, I guess that must have been before your time, or after it, or you'd remember me. I snuck out my tongue at a cop once.

Fifty authorities, I suppose they're just waiting to grab us today, you can see they've got their tear-gas helmets.

See that one over there? The one that yawned? Trying to put us into a sense of false security. Well, we'll see.

Another time I organised a big demonstration against Mervin, out at Maccot. We got two cars together and went out on them. Saw him for at least a minute, too. I yelled out "Fascist!" and I swear he looked at me, he turned his head, right between the eyes he looked at me.

God, that was a rewarding moment. He'll remember.

Well, yes, I suppose the march did struggle a bit. So what about that bloke in a trenchcoat carrying the crucifix with CND on it? I can't see it will offend people.

Look, I think you're being god-damn offensive. Of course I'm not a Christian. I'm an intellectual. Well, I mean I'm not quite sure whether there is one or not. I don't know. I suppose you could call me a radical.

All right, so it didn't look too organised. But it was. No, none of the organisers marched. I know there was a pin about that in the paper. You can't expect them to

march, they'd been working so hard they needed a bit of rest.

Anyway, it was pretty spontaneous. You should see the job some of the bobbies did at the last minute.

See those vans over there? The eighteen guys in blue double-breasted primrose vans carrying that ten-foot-by-eight banner that reads **BOILERMAKERS' UNION DEFIES PIG-IRON BOB FOR PEACE AND FRIENDSHIP WITH PEOPLE'S REPUBLICS THE WORLD OVER?**

You wouldn't think that was whipped up at the last moment, would you?

You'd be surprised how many coppers turned up. Mind you, they didn't say or anything, they only walked. Funny thing, that.

We stuck together, you know. Have you heard our marching songs? I ain't gonna study war no more, I ain't gonna study war no more, I ain't gonna study, cry—well, it sounds better when you get fifty of us singing it in chorus.

Oh, you've heard it? You'd know then.

We've got a good one that goes to the tune of the People's Flag, too.

I suppose you think this is a Communist front, don't you? I thought so. All you Fascists think in terms of labels.

Of course it's useful to march. At least twenty people watched us last Sunday. Think of what that did to their consciences!

The bit I liked best was the concert. I haven't enjoyed myself so much since Harry Hooton looked the basket. Those Fascist sods at the Cheviots don't know what they're missing. I mean, who would you rather listen to, Johnny Earls or Francis Faye?

We have sincere missions. Look at Graham Bell. He's an idealist. We tried to get Ray Price, but he cost too much. I told them he was a cynic anyway.

That's why we knocked back the offer from Les Gordon to put us on at the Stadium. People mightn't take us seriously.

I don't know why people even talk about Communism and us. You should have seen us at the concert. Those smart bastards on the "Bulletin" think you can tell a Communist on the spot, like he had horns or something, but I can tell you that if the placards hadn't been there you wouldn't have been able to tell the difference. Anyway, we're all people, aren't we? They don't have to be wrong on every issue, do they?

I don't know what happened to the donations after they sent round the list—some things, like peace, have to be built on trust.

Yes, of course I'm a pacifist. Well, I suppose I am. I mean if you gave me a machine-gun I might fight, but I rather draw the line at pressing the button. I don't know what the world's coming to. If the R.S.L. has its way we'll all be fighting the linkingships soon.

No, of course I don't like the R.S.L. Mob of Fascists, no mistake about it. All they know how to do is follow the leader. I hate herd instincts. That's why I joined the march.

You walk along with a thousand or so individuals like yourself and hold the right banners—it really gives you a sense of belonging. As an intellectual, I mean. Do? What on earth d'you mean, what do we do after the march?

Good God, man, don't you know what liberalism means?

ATAVISTIC RITES . . .

paganism and you

ANZAC Day baffles some people and one of the baffling things about it is that it seems such a paradox. You have your beginning in the austere cold of first light and reluctantly commemorate the dead. Then you have a parambulatory parade through the city. After that, the serious business of the day—quite wide-spread heavy drinking and some straggling of the Gaiety laws. It is a programme of activities we certainly don't follow every day.

There is another paradox too. It day that was instituted by Australians to unite all Australians in a common aim and observance seems to produce almost as much division as for unity—at least if we take Mr. Alan Seymour's play as a fair indication of current opinion.

The young men want to condemn what they think is unwholesome militarism and drunken hypocrisy in their elders; and some of their elders seem to think that the young people have forgotten if they ever knew what the words honour, sacrifice, comradeship and glory mean. Both sides in the controversy—which has been more at times—could profit from a little reflection.

Young men might find that being shut out of our state schools is an interesting experience that changes your ideas about a lot of things. Older men might remember that there was a time when they were young too and didn't get behind the the Establishment. They might remember also that they used to complain strongly about the "powers" and "the politicians" who represented the older generation in 1915. Churchill and Sir Ian Hamilton probably came as far more untried in Australia than Oliver Puckey and Lancelot von Soudary ever did.

But even if people were much more reasonable than they actually are, Anzac Day might still be an irritant and a nuisance. You would still have the conscripts—the soldier brothers past and the comfortable heavy pension, the pity and the morbidity, the sobriety and the squander. At best, that's what you'd seem to have, unless you could place Anzac Day in a wider cultural setting. And you can do that if you think of it not as "the one day of the year" but as a popular festival like Easter, Christmas, and New Year. All these festivals have similar programmes that all combine to a single paradoxical type.

Take Easter. It is the most important festival in the Christian year and religion preaches that at that time wicked Christians deny themselves all sorts of things that they normally enjoy. They put off their weddings. They attend long sermons. They go to church at

hours that they would usually think thoroughly inconvenient. Good people go to church twice or more at Easter, and even straggle church-goers put themselves to special trouble.

But what the religious duties—fasting. You give such other chocolate eggs to things you don't do at any other time in the year) and you may exchange more expensive presents (as is thing which the shop-keepers love). And if you go to church on Easter Sunday and to the races on Easter Monday, do the same things. If you go both to church and to the races—a commitment to contemplation and secular vulgarity if there was ever one—so one complains. A million people seem to do this every year, and no doubt many of them went to church too.

They did both things with impunity no one will write an argumentative play about it. Yet the pattern of severity cushioned with frivolity is the same as on Anzac Day.

Take Christmas. If over a religious festival was thoroughly mixed up with secular celebrations, that's it. Christmas is one of the high points of the Christian year and yet it is a season when there is more tolerance of drunkenness and mild disorder than at any other time. Again many people go to church, but when can you more publicly kiss other men's wives than under the mistletoe? When are unwelcome visitors more safely dealt with their mistletoe types? And when can office bosses more openly take their satisfaction on to their knees?

You go to solemn church services in the morning—sometimes the very early evening—but after that it does you go home and eat the most profane, elaborate, and happy meal of the young year. And everyone knows the sort of things that people get up to on New Year's Eve, yet January 1 is also a religious festival, and in the Catholic Church at least is a holy Day of Obligation. It is another example of the same paradox: severity and solemnity cushioned with frivolity.

Historians of religion can supply an explanation. They say that simpler societies than our own think that the life of the community comes in waves, which ebb and flow at regular intervals and must be renewed. At certain times in the year the whole community participates in the repression of the flesh and they symbolize it by sacrifices of one kind or another and religious commitments.

Then when the new time is assured and begins they celebrate that with feasting and indulgence that are neither

allowed nor dreamed of in ordinary times. The pattern can be found in various forms all over the world. It is partly magical.

Australians have inherited this ancient seasonal agricultural pattern from Europe, but they now make increasingly little sense of it. In Europe the great feasts and beginnings are Easter (especially the spring equinox) and Christmas (the winter solstice). At those times the cosmic cycle, the rural round, and the liturgical year all coincide in a very important and satisfying way.

But not in Australia. Here, the seasons slide into each other without much sense of change. People send each other pictures of snow-corn and pine, "Angie holds" but Christmas Day is often hot and sultry. And Easter, when we exchange eggs and Easter bunnies as symbols of new life in the spring time when we get the best of the grapes and not away the warthounds and bitches. The old calendar and the old customs are out of place in the new land.

Anzac Day is, in some ways, an attempt to adapt an ancient agricultural festival programme to an historical event of the twentieth century. It worked for a while when Gallipoli was still fresh in people's mind. Now that historical events is only half-remembered, now that we usually live in cities now that we have a different seasonal pattern, the festival programme seems less and less relevant to anything. By the year 2015 Anzac Day will be an anomaly, or else it will be converted into something else.

The last veterans of New Guinea and Korea and Malaya will either be too old to get up at 3 a.m. and stand in Marine Plaza, or else they will be dead. Anzac Day will then have no frame at all to support it.

But while it is still, with an Anzac Day serves as a reminder that not everything we do is exclusively conditioned by twentieth century Australia. Unpleasant our Anzac Day is part of a wider and more pervasive pattern. That universal springs from the feeling that we are still at some ways trying to do old-world things in the new world. From the feeling that we are still a European community though situated to the north of Asia.

We still cling to the customs of the ancient, rural European past, but we can make less and less sense of them. It will be interesting to see what has passed to Christmas and Easter by 2015. Check it, if you're around to see.

'Pro Bono Publico'

Once upon an evening there were 2 newspapers which were full of boring ads and nasty copy - and every day they had a competition between each other to see who could make up the most sensational and misleading banners and con the commuters and schoolchildren into buying their paper rather than the other -27-

HER DRESS
RACE DETAILS

WHICH DIDNT SELL AS MANY COPIES AS →

HER DRESS IN COLOR

These papers used to send out talent agents (radio spinners) to find murderers and pervers and rapists and confes and specialists to fill in the spaces between the ads Other topical events of world wide importance like the Greenough, J.F.K.'s pregnant wife, Ben Casey song but (?) and Liz Taylor's sex life were covered in minute detail by overseas peeping toms.



I buy both papers so I can get my fill of news, and gossip and celebrities and the big front page picture of the lovely young girls getting splashing happily in the sea! - then I have lots and lots to talk about with the boys down at the pub.

and the competition went very well

and much money was made.



not dropping short about these comrades in struggle!



and it is the best I could get!



all the fun for only 5p.



what the bloody!

Then came a very cold winter and the murderers went into hibernation, and the brothels were opened and the sex pistols laid off the kiddies, and no one discussed any 'death-draught' and the Royal Family was heady and there was nothing to write about except WAR. WAR in Laos. WAR in Indochina. WAR in the Congo and Vietnam. WAR in Cuba. But none of these wars came off and sales dropped a and eventually none brought any newspapers at all.

AND THEN!



HEY BOSS, A COOP CANON IS HERE VS!

The papers were overjoyed a real war! AT LAST! an: hahn invaded! sales will skyrocket!



consumed the banners and the handbills

BUT there was intemal in reaching about any more 'phoney wars' and no one bought any papers..... BUT..... There was a war.....

... and everyone was killed.

WAR!



Social Top Twenty

Position
Last Week

1. Mrs. John Ludo 18
2. Angie van Bochove 14
3. Miss Nicholas Reinson
(Mr. Peter Kamer) 3
4. Miss Caroline Drury
(Mr. Dennis O'Neil) —
5. Mrs. Sarah Playfair —
6. Mrs. Norman Hill —
7. Robert (Robin?) Ashwin —
8. Mrs. Elsa Jacoby 1
9. Mrs. "Bubbles" Ayres 10
10. Mrs. Bill Edwards —
11. Mrs. "Winka" Lawrence 5
12. Mr. John Lance —
13. Dennis Kippel 11
14. Mrs. Leah Myerson 8
15. Mrs. Doris Austin 7
16. Mr. Leslie Wallford —
17. Lady Berryman 17
18. Mr. Derek Kemp 12
19. Mr. Mervyn Horton 2
20. Mrs. Nola Dekyvere 20

AS usual, No. 1 on the charts this month is a mixed bag. The one beat Mrs. Lawrence appears in last month's photo. (Australian Woman's Weekly, April 24, 1964 - 21/4/63) and on the other hand there is the excellent picture of her at the opening of The Young

An authentic survey of Sydney's most popular socialites, compiled by an independent OZ reporter.

Position in the charts is based on a quantitative and qualitative analysis of appearances in the daily press.

Pictures Exhibition at the Strand Gallery. Add to the monstrous headpiece monstrosity and the quantity, if not quality, counts: Mrs. L. top rising.

ZOOMING towards the top of the charts this month is a country woman having all the way from Newcastle. There's a lot of mystery surrounding her name at the moment. While the Sunday Telegraph reported that **Robert Ashwin** attended an Easter chicken party (14/4/64) he appeared in **Martin** in the Mirror (14/4/64). Never mind **Robin** (Robert) A. now by any other name would smell as sweet.

UNFORTUNATELY holding her No. 1 position was a look beyond Mrs. Jacoby. Strangely enough the large photo of her at **Harrods** in the Sun Herald (14/4/63) was the main reason for her downfall. They spotted her as wearing a silk hotel which even the Sunday Telegraph spotted it was "a hint of shock, my pink copy, buttons and that it was her coat that was made of silk. Such combinations among her press agents mean that Mrs. J. just isn't devoting enough energy to public relations.

MRS. AYERS continues to make the charts on the strength of the name alone — "Bubbles" Living up to her theme song "I'm forever blowing" she was particularly pleased to make the announcement of an engagement at the Rens and Country Hall (5/4/64).

JOHN LANCE has hit the big time this month as one of the owners of the **Harrods** is now restaurant. The opening was splashy all over the social pages. There's nothing like turning your dinner party into a paying proposition is there John?

AFTER such a glowing write-up last month it's disappointing to see that **Dennis Kippel** has fallen two places. Still in (5/4/64) with one "Kippel" was a big hit in the Melbourne Sun. Commentators said that this is why they no fall off his friends about it. Even so when you have to go into trouble to run with the unfortunates you can't really expect your routine to rise.

I'm sorry to note that **Leith Myerson** and **Doris Austin** have slipped down the charts this month. There was a temporary split up in the team when **Doris** slipped and ended to the first, while **Leith** bumbled on as best she could. Since I'm glad to remember they're together again at yet another (large) indoor dinner party where they are joined by **Martin Pearson**. "It is a three-sided affair" **Martin** quipped to **De** (5/4/64) This will be the second time round for **Doris**, and I can only hope that it will be even more profitable than the first.

Will all media mistakes and I'd be the first to admit mine, I must admit I was shocked by **Mervyn Horton's** lightning fall on the charts this month. His only appearance was in a crowd scene "Others I saw at the party were: **Mervyn Horton** — (Herald Mail 5/4/64/65) It's always sad to see a great star fall on his knees but I know we will all be looking for a comeback next month.

LESLIE WALLFORD gets my commendation for achievement of the month. He was our performer at **Dennis O'Neil's** for **Past Paper Fests** Party on the 14th of this month, dressed in "fifty old ball, made a lovely waistcoat, and a chain of the chain gang variety around his neck" (Herald Mail 5/4/64) **Captain Hook** or **Tinkerbell** Lady?

BABS PLAYFAIR and **Jean Hill** have done out of the tomb for their annual resurrection. Bab's husband **Smith** is president of the R.A.S. and she has made great social capital out of this as hostess in many large scale functions for our country women. Jean, as president of the **Pink Fun** Ball committee looked so elegant as her "controlled draped, chiffon" (5/4/64) that we'd like to see more of her. It's a pity that **Emile** comes only once a year.

NO 20 this month is still well known politician **Nola Dekyvere**. It's hard to know just where to place this long established article in the charts. Until recently I would have had no hesitation in putting her right up. But 99 per cent of Nola's mentions have been in her own column. This may explain her new re-birth. **Nola**! It's a pity to see a valuable who once believed in publicity for publicity's sake, go commercial.

Harry Seldler's Functional Ugliness



By GEOFFREY LEHMANN

LIKE an expanded hammer-head shark against the horizon at dusk, the Blues Point Towers loom the northward bound commuter in the eyes after a busy day at the office. Perhaps the office he works in is situated in the rented cage on Bondi-bong Point called the Civil and Civic Building which separates visitors from their point, to say "where is that building going to be finished?" Perhaps he has friends who live at Blues Gardens Elizabeth Bay which sits in mid air above the blue of the harbour like a concrete staircase set

And who is the man who master-minded all these buildings as well as many others during the Sydney scene? Born in Vienna in 1922 Harry Seldler studied under Walter Gropius at Harvard after World War II and obtained his Master's degree. In 1948 he entered the scene on the wall in Sydney and has been producing here ever since. Having ridden the storm of early disputes with the Master Builders' Association and even municipal councils, he is in 1965 now at the top of the architectural ladder, being generally recognised as our foremost avant-garde architect as well as being named to fill, under President Gough of Chile, Brazil.

Now that the battle for modernism in architecture has been largely won, it is time, I think, to start looking critically at the work of individual Australian architects. Surely the fact that an architect is progressive does not give him more than his work is aesthetically pleasing. An architect, such as Harry Seldler who is responsible for the Australia Square project, the Melbourne Olympic Stadium and Bondi as well as the buildings outlined above and many contemporary houses and other projects is, obviously having an important influence on our day-to-day living.

What are Mr. Seldler's aesthetic principles?

In his book "Houses, Interiors and Projects", first published in 1954 he

writes, "Decorations should be OF a thing, not ON a thing. A riot of flowery patterns as popular today only succeeds in destroying the form of the object to which they are applied and result generally in a tedious complication of shapes. This applies not less to every object of use in the house, such as cookers, tables, and even the like of these should be a pleasure to use and behold, however humble their value. Let there be no useless 'fun glass' and useless knock-knock."

Mr Seldler is therefore suspicious of most things as of any attempts to distinguish his. This apparently has quite something to do with his domestic architecture. For the Mrs. Muffin knock Australian four bangalow Mr Seldler has substituted very metal and rather cubes of space suspended on steel supports and stone bases. Excesses of glass replace pinky windows. Vertical metal louvres are used as a more practical and pretentious than our hollowed version. Black. Often cold walls and roof projects to shade a whole wall of glass and Mr Seldler is much more aware of the individuality of our climate than the transatlantic west.

His houses are pleasant, even if rather sporting.

However I am not so fond of his larger buildings. Many of these look as though they have not been finished and do not employ timber and stone in the way that his houses do, to relieve the hardness of the basic concepts. Acres of metal louvres on a public building offend the eye and back, why the basic proposition could, indeed, have succeeded when employed over wide areas.

Undesigned left tower stare at one another from the sky and Mr Seldler in his, during space-gymnastics, often seems to have sagged away the human element. It is human to want "useful eye-glass and useless knock-knock" rather, after all, what use is an appendix? Stone

facing is devoted, but there is a human nature.

I quarrel, now with Mr Seldler's colour theories. In his book he states that because of the complexities of modern living, colours should be simple to avoid relaxation with broad expanses of neutral colours, when or grey, in which "flat" occasional pieces of primary colour.

Mr Seldler's use of colour has always reminded me of later Mondrian, and in fact Mondrian is one of the two or three artists reproduced in his book.

However a simplicity necessarily reduces Mondrian's imaginary profoundly disturbing precisely because it is so simple. One can stare up a whole Mondrian painting in a placid and after that there is nothing of interest to occupy the eye. Mondrian is simple, like death. In a four-colour painting however the warm complexity of the surface with calligraphy chasing on dancing planes of light is profoundly satisfying. You feel the painting has more to offer than just that contact.

I feel that Mr Seldler's colour theories are a negative solution to the problem of bad taste. He provides a ready made formula by which the average man can avoid taste and a happily applied excess of colour. However nothing really creates in terms of colour can possibly arise from his theories. The new simplicity, Foster Leary, with its topographical glass is, I feel, a far refinement of his arguments.

An evangelist in his desperate search after simplicity, hequally finds up with patterns which are greater than the masses he was trying to avoid.

The Chinese pattern showed great courage and insight when they summarily always left some flow in each work.

Life is complex

Buildings should be as complex as life after all, who wants to live in a wall-knife?

APPROACHING THE TROPICS

MOST of Henry Miller's books are banned in America, and one of the worst things about banned books is the havoc wreaking up for them. The confusion usually comes from whether they are worth reading to the fact that they are contraband. This leads schoolboys on one hand to underline the best passages, and academics on the other to defend Miller on rather irrelevant spiritual grounds. Others agree, of course, that his words on official occasions that they are obscene.

In this article I shall deal mainly with Miller's currently controversial books, *Tropic of Cancer* and *Tropic of Capricorn* as an attempt to arrive at a more reasonable appraisal.

Much of the blather for the spiritual approach to these literature must rest with D. H. Lawrence. Lawrence is to be admired for his attempts to write sincerely and fully about sexual love, but it is a pity he included so many feeble passages about therapy, looking for its answers by a group of police doctors. In trying to re-establish a spiritual value for sex, he became lost from time to time in confused metaphysics and dialectic theories. His optimistic attitude is a questionable legacy, and all his effort in relation to justify assumptions about moral progress.

The fullest sexual expression may depend on the individuality of the whole personality, but sexual desire can in fact exist without spiritual commitment. It is unfair that an author should be judged on passages on the grounds that he has discovered that, but it is not fair to judge a literary defence on moral grounds.

Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer*, first published in France in 1929, has recently been released in the United States. A preface by Karl Shapiro contains the statement, "Wonderly I regard Miller as a body given as meat to his admirers do—Cordoba with a pistol".

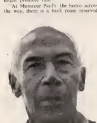
It is my contention that a man can be a good writer without being a spiritual leader, and that Lawrence is largely responsible for the contrary opinion. The Lawrenceans have often a fine to live by, but it is not something to prefer.

Henry Miller's writing is that of an judgment American, despite the one with a difference. His flight from New York took place in 1939 when it was no longer the regime for writers to go to Paris. He lived in poverty in Europe for some years, occasionally taking a job, but depending largely on friends for his livelihood. There is no doubt that his life as an artist was very self-conscious, but the sharp contrast with the stifling, organized existence he had left must have made this inevitable.

Paris provided an emotional climate for him which made possible the *Tropic of Cancer*, an emotional masterpiece for contemporary mind of his life there. It is a book which is meant to shock people. Its success depends on the author's personality and the censorious Miller, self-proclaimed artist and critic of his own country, can become very boring. Yet in the *Tropic of Cancer* he manages to achieve the reader so much to shock him. There is an irreducible humor in the best of Miller's work, which can take a constant in which the reader's attitude are acceptable.

Here, for example is Miller's account of the time he spent in a prison under work which he enjoyed so much that he was at great pains not to seem too intelligent or even "unimpaired optimism" might promote him.

At Monsieur Paul's the ladies arrived the way, there is a back room reserved



for the newspapermen where we can eat on credit. It is a pleasant little room with windows on the floor and this is across and out. When I say that it is reserved for the newspapermen I don't mean to imply that we eat in privacy; on the contrary, it means that we have the privilege of associating with the whores and pimps who form the more substantial element of Monsieur Paul's clientele. The arrangement with the paper agencies is a T, because they're always on the lookout for tall and even those who have a steady little French girl are willing to make a switch now and then. The principal thing is not to get a dose at times it would seem as if an apothecary had swept the office or perhaps it might be explained by the fact that they all sleep with the same woman. Anyhow, it's platonic to observe how respectable they are, when they are obliged to sit inside a pump, when, despite the little handbags of his profession, lives a life of luxury by comparison.

Two thinking particularly now of one tall, blond fellow who delivers the House magazine by bicycle. He is always a little late for his meal, always preparing properly and his day covered with music. He has a few, awkward way of strolling on, saluting everybody with two

fingers and making a bow for the milk, which is paid between the order and the kitchen. So he waves his finger to give the coffee a quick inspection if he sees a nice lump of stick lying on the side he picks it up and stuffs it in his well up the hole into the big pot and try a mouthful of soup. He's like a big blond man, has been to the ground all the time. The performance over having made proper and shows his own superiority, but makes something over to his wench and gives her a big sticking him together with an alloy hands put on the pump. He's the wench. I've never seen look anything but unimpaired— even at three or four after an evening's work. She looks exactly as if she had just stepped out of a Turkish bath. It's a pleasure to look at such healthy bodies, to see such repose, such affection such aspects in their display. It's the evening meal for speaking of now, the little lunch, that she takes her last morning upon her dinner to a table which she will be obliged to take leave of her but blood here, so deep somewhere on the forehead and up her dignified. If the job is otherwise or wearing or exhaustive she certainly doesn't show it. When the big fellow arrives hungry as a wolf, she puts her arms around him and looks him beauty— his eyes, nose, cheeks, hair, the back of his neck. She has his arm as if it could be done publicly. She's grateful to him, that's certain. She's too much done. All through the meal she laughs, contentedly. You wouldn't think she had a care in the world. And now and then by way of affection, she gives him a tremendous slap in the face, such a slap as would knock a poor reader sleeping.

This passage illustrates most of the features of Miller's humorous technique— his casually unimpaired attitude, his calculated pointlessness, his superb sense of timing, and his understating human sympathy. Not everyone in Miller's books is equally happy, healthy and attractive, yet all the characters are described with this exuberance. Miller has in eye for details which sustain the better side, even when he is being his most positive or most profound.

Miller does not regard anything as sacred and gleefully ignores all the written and unwritten codes of decorum and propriety. Yet his too is a light-minded humorous technique. There are certain similarities with Rabelais in Henry Miller's outlook, but I cannot think of any French writer with whom parallel should be drawn, except perhaps Rabelais.

Miller is a Lawrencean master as he updates the laws that must be fully accepted in literature. But as I have made clear, he is not a panther, he is never concerned with preaching or imposing his readers.

Even in his metaphysical discourses he is never far from spiritual optimism. In the *Tropic of Capricorn* he discusses at some length Nietzsche's theory of over-

John Chase, he solemnly informs us, is only order which we do not understand. At one point, he says, "quite serious, at another, he wonders what part of the overall order lying the switchboard operator's wife, craves most from."

The *Tropic of Cancer* is an intense study of the situation which made itself from America's perspective. It follows a more chronological order than the episodic *Tropic of Cancer*. Miller's lyrical meditations are probably the most impressive part of this book — his old neighborhood in Brooklyn is recalled without the bitterness that permeates most of his American narratives. Not that his business was untroubled; the first description of his life as a personal manager for a telephone company leaves this out.

"Chase? A beautiful chase! No need to chase a particular day. Any day of my life — back there — would not. Every day of my life my day was a monotonous life, was a reflection of the other chase. Let me think back. At seven thirty the alarm went off. I didn't bounce out of bed. I lay there till eight thirty trying to get a little more sleep. Sleep — how could I sleep? In the back of my mind was an image of the office where I was already due. I could see Hyman arriving at eight sharp, the vestibule already buzzing with demands for help, the telephone clinking up the wide, wooden stairway, the strong smell of cigarette from the dressing room. My legs up and repeat yesterday's song and dance! As fast as I heard them they dropped out. Sweatless, my body off and still even a clean shirt to wear. Meanwhile I got my attention back on the wife —

surface and back money I was always in debt to her and she was in debt to the garage, the butcher, the landlord and so on. I couldn't be bothered sleeping — there wasn't time enough. I put on the spin there, pulled up the blanket, and before a knock for the wife, I got to the office out of breath as best I could. And a dozen calls to make before I even talk to an applicant. While I make one call there are three other calls waiting to be answered. I use two telephones at once. The switchboard is booming. Hyman is sharpening his pencils between calls. My door is the doorman is standing in the doorway waiting to give me a word of advice about one of the applicants, probably a crook who is trying to sneak back under a false name. I defend me and the cards and fingers counting the names of every applicant who had ever passed through the machine. The final ones are sifted in and out, some of them have a chance after their names. Meanwhile the phone is crowding like a bee. The room starts with sweat, dirty feet, and underwear, cigarette, food, and breath. Half of them will have to be turned away — not that we don't need them but that even under the worst conditions they just won't do."

In this passage there is a mounting feeling of horror culminating in all the repulsive details which accompany human beings in a mass. The details of Miller's routine are piled on details until one after another, yet there is no attempt to hide that this is a man partly escaped from the bonds of a mindless day of breathless routine. The exaggeration does not disguise the pain

and anger, but even when Miller is busy to capture the human detail — Hyman sharpening his pencils between calls.

While Miller can be cruel to himself and the system which try to control them collectively, he does not approach total honesty at any individual. For this reason it is unfair to describe him as a writer who is against humanity, and who seeks to degrade men and women.

In the *Crossing the Eye* he wrote: "I am against pornography and its obscenity — and violence." This statement he refers to that pornography is suggestive and harassing, while obscenity is a direct confrontation of possible abuse subjects. It is shocking and violent or nasty, but it is indicated by humor. Miller also takes words fairly because of a determination to be unconsciously direct, and not because he has any desire to parody them. Yet his books derive their power from the same darkness, unique in our literature's autobiography.

The works of Henry Miller are not likely to be admitted to America for some considerable time if they ever are. *Tropic of Cancer* was sold openly in England for the first time last month. Moral arguments may prove useful in its defense — as they did in the case of Lady Chatterley's Lover, but it is a pity that they should be needed.

For Miller's works, including the two *Tropics*, should be seen in the context he creates for himself. Shallow, perhaps obscure, almost certainly brilliant. But above all the work of a humanist, who should be accepted as such.

—C. DEBART

OZWORD NO. 2

Across

- 6 Skopet with a short measurement only 4 in less than Benny Lingo.
- 8 To evil habit's culture wife. Lead neither out, nor glance nor train—, Check the dark houses are it down. Not even admit the nose! (Lyche Hamley Squammy)
- 11 A favorite specimen from the back of Edgar Allan Poe's Raven.
- 12 The Danish Hall where Browall hung the bloody note of the Anti-Semite! Grindel

Down

- 1 To a poem, held in school.
- 3 That Fortune always for corn feeds? (John Cox, Folio)
- 4 Who was the leader of the British Labour Party when Erskine Childers wrote *Long and Minny* said that there is no one so wicked?
- 7 The Room in "Spine" all synonymously for (Oly. Fox Lady Harrison)
- 10 Edward's journal *Lampoon* awarded a colophon to lead prophecy for "Vice poetry" to (Lettie Love)
- 13 Benjamin Britten's first opera marked the general world when it was first produced in 1945

Down

- 2 Who danced with Michael Wilding for the first time in *Pleasantly Incident*?
- 3 Who painted the stark and bloody flag of the Prophet in 1917?
- 4 Town of the Yoruba people in Nigeria, where many remarkable stories in *Yorubaland* and *Yoruba* have been found.
- 5 Who was the first of J. D. Salinger's pointedly precocious characters to commit suicide?

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ACROSS

- 1 The Silver Lunge 8. Malt? (the Duchess of Malfia, 8. U. Thant)
- 3 Fayon 11. Uther 12. Pong 13. Saphira 14. Bone 15. Pong (John Cox 11. Uther 12. Pong 13. Saphira 14. Bone 15. Pong)
- 16 John Ward House 20. Uther 21. Malfia (John Ward House 20. Uther 21. Malfia)
- 22 Hellenopoppy 3. Bone 4. Uther 5. Malt 6. Pong 7. Saphira 8. Bone 9. Pong 10. Saphira 11. Uther 12. Pong 13. Saphira 14. Bone 15. Pong

- 7 A group of islands in the Aegean Sea, which include Rhodes and Kalymnos
- 9 Who was the brother and member of the Egyptian god Osiris?
- 10 Who was the leader of the British Labour Party when Erskine Childers wrote *Long and Minny* said that there is no one so wicked?
- 14 Who said, "Pleasantly Incident" The old king to the

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